A

Merry LETTER

FROM THE

L^d. Bol---ke

To a certain

Favourite Miſtreſs

Near *Bloomsbury-Square.*

Nil mihi reſcribas, attamen ipſa veni.

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A

Merry Letter, &c.

DEAR Angel divine,
Who brighter doth shine,
Than *Venus* adorning
The Dawn of the Morning:
To thee I'll impart
(Thou Delight of my Heart)
Idea's more bright
Than what I cou'd write
To the Doctor my Friend,
In declaring my Mind,
When my Fright was not over,
Which held me to *Dover*,
And I for my Blood
Cou'd not write as I wou'd;
As I found it ran high,
And Spectrums did fly

Crofs the Air, in my Road,
Which I fear'd did forebode
Sly *Mercury* lay
Perdue in my way,
Or elſe was purſuing
To o'retake me with Ruin.

Howe're now recover'd,
From Dangers, which hover'd,
And did ſo ſurround me,
As then to confound me:
I'm reſolv'd to be jocund
To you in my ſecond,
And mix you Thoughts *Curious*,
Both *Comick* and *Serious*:

In my way, for ſome ſolace,
Duke *D'Aumont*'s fine Palace
I ſaw; he ſurprizing-
-Ly civil, and pleaſing,
Receiv'd me with Gallantry,
Matching Knight Errantry,
Shew'd affability,
Natural to Quality
And *French* Civility:
Being free with his Grace,
I open'd my Caſe,

How fearing Diſaſter,
For ſerving his Maſter;
I was forc'd to Retreat,
By precipitate Flight;
Which, if I'd not took,
For eſcaping the Block,
That had been my Doom,
And the Time was nigh come;
I pray'd him to exert
His Intereſt at Court,
To ſave me from Ruffians,
With Talons, like Griffins;
Which he very readily
Anſwer'd, and ſteadily.

So then for Stories,
I poſted to *Paris*,
Which is a fine City,
Of wonderful Beauty,
Where Monſieurs polite,
And Ladies ſo bright
Give jaunting Delight;
As they've Wit and Bell-Air,
That I vow t'ye, and ſwear,
They are tempting to move
Even Hermits to Love;
When dancing, cajolling,
With leering Eyes, rowling,

They

They ſmite one, and wound him,
So oft as they round him;
But if you were here,
To irradiate the Sphere,
How thoſe Planets ſo gay
Wou'd dwindle away,
And looſe all the Luſtre,
They ſhew with ſuch fluſter!

I've rambl'd *Pont-Neuf*,
Where many a Thief,
Will any one choak,
For nimming of Cloak,
Or will ſlide off a Hat,
A Wig, or Cravat;
Or dexterouſly fetch
From your Fob a Gold Watch,
And by *Legerdemain*,
Clear your Pockets of Coin;
And of Cloaths ſtrip you clean,
Even bare to the Skin;
Which is done in a trice,
And you are made a Prize,
Yet never regard ye,
When a Rogue has thus ſerv'd ye:
Now the fam'd *Paul Lorrain*
Can't ſhew ſuch a Man,

Tho'

Tho' he's ſo converſant
With many made queer Saint,
From famous Pick-Pockets
Of Watches and Lockets;
As they can't go to Heaven,
Till with him they make even,
And then in a String,
They go off with a Swing.

I've ſeen their fine Abbies,
Convers'd with their Rabbies,
Was at their Academies,
Opera's, Comedies,
Conſorts and Balls,
Maſquerades and queer Drolls;
Where amongſt Scaramouches,
Such Turns and ſtrange Twitches
I've remark'd, and ſuch Prancing,
And agile Rope-dancing,
And Hanging and Swinging,
Incredible Clinging,
That *Barnes* and *Jack Hall*
Were nothing at all
To compare now with theſe,
For a Twiſt and Surprize.

I travers'd the *Louvre*,
All over and over,

Tho'

Walk'd

Walk'd all the fine Galleries,
And gaudy Tuilleries;
The *Palais de Victoire*,
Shews with ſuch an Air,
Where *Lewis le Grand*,
With his Truncheon in Hand,
Sits Triumphant a-croſs
A mighty Coloſs,
On a Pedeſtal fix'd,
With Trophies annex'd,
Where in Effigie-Pictures,
He tramples Electors,
And Princes and Emperor
Proudly he ſcampers o're;
Tugging in Chains,
So ſwelling their Veins,
That you'd think they wou'd burſt
As their Sinews are forc'd,
With drawing his Car,
Clogg'd with Spoils of the War,
And tugging the Load,
With the Weight of the God.

Theſe Things having view'd,
My Way I purſu'd
To *Verſailles*, ſo much talk'd on,
Which I'd not be baulk'd on;

So

So I jogg'd there, ſlap-daſh,
In running Calaſh,
Where th'extravagant Buildings,
Stupendious for Gildings,
Fine Painting and Carving;
Contemplate obſerving,
The Gardens, the Grotto's,
The various fine Motto's,
The Statues, Inſcriptions;
Adorning Deſcriptions,
The Gods and the Goddeſſes,
Plac'd on large Apices;
Fountains high waſhing,
With Showers refreſhing;
And *Iris* bright ſhining
With Colours, as raining,
The Sun Beams then playing,
Refractions eſſaying,
And Cataracts falling;
Arm'd Gallies there ſailing
Along a Canal,
Which a Sea one may call,
Or, at leaſt we may take
For the *Caſpian* Lake;
I cou'd not but gaze
With wondrous amaze,
Where *Neptune* commands
With his Trident in Hand,

And his Chariot keeps driving
O're Surges, when heaving,
With *Thetis* high mounting,
His Sea-Horſes panting;
When the *Tritons*, Sea-Green,
Blow the Cornet Marine;
And harmonious *Orion*,
A Guittar ſweet plays on;
Whilſt Dolphins reſorting
For Tumbling and Sporting,
Pil'd Sea-Pies, and Curlieus,
Whisk round him with Whirleys;
And Mermaids, all combing
Their Treſſes ſo blooming;
Such Singing, ſuch Whiſtling,
The *Nereids* too juſtling;
And being ſuch Artiſts,
In darting of Tortoiſe;
Whilſt round the God wafting,
They ſet him a laughing.
- I ſaw chaſte *Diana*
Without e're a Man-a,
Moſt eager in tracing
Her Game, and nigh chaſing,
With Bow, and bright Quiver
Of Arrows, form'd clever,
For ſhooting the Boar,
And the Stags, in her Tour,

Whilſt Nymphs ſo ſurpaſſant,
Attend on her Creſcent,
And Satyrs they fly
The Goddeſs ſo ſhy,
Out of fear they ſhould die;]
When, for being bold,
You *Acteon* behold,
To a Stag ſhe transforms,
And gives him huge Horns,
Which drew his own Hounds
To hunt him ſome rounds,
Till they run him quite dead,
And on him they fed,
Tho' they'd eat of his Bread.

Nor can I paſs over
The Net, which did cover
Old *Mars*, when rough *Vulcan*,
Grown Jealous as Sultan,
Fair *Venus* cloſe watching,
Did rufully catch him;
When you ſee the fierce Warrior
Intangled, look ſorrier
Than *Theſeus*, when taken
In Filching of Bacon.

Amidſt other Wonders,
There *Jupiter* thunders,

And with fatal dry Claps,
O're-powering the *Cyclops*,
When tough Armour brightning,
As proof againſt Lightning,
They laugh'd at the God
When he rattled a Cloud;
And making more proper-
-Ly Thunder of Copper,
They made dreadful Sound
In a Cave, under Ground:
There I ſaw 'em lie dead
For Preſumption and Pride,
Which, imagine in courſe,
Gave me horrid Remorſe.

Recounting the Gods,
I thought it was odd,
That *Pan* ſhould be wanting,
In Sculpture or Painting;
Yet the Reaſon you'll hear,
Why he is not there;
For, know that the Elf,
Scar'd the *Gauls* ſo from *Delph*,
That they never could yet
Recover the Fright,
When *Brennus* diſarm'd
Of his Courage, he ſtorm'd,

Scower'd

Scower'd off, and made Water,
For Fear of the Satyr;
However, ſo bouncing
Before, and Romancing,
As how they would manacle,
Tongue-tie the Oracle,
Cruſh all his Devices,
Baffle his Prophecies.

But proud of *Priapus*,
They ſhew ye the *Mopus*,
And tell you moſt moving,
Strange Narratives of him,
How wondrous he's hung,
And his Gig is ſo long,
Ne're dangling, but ſtanding
Erect, without handling,
More nervous and ſtreight
Than *Harry* the Eight,
When ſhifting his Armour,
He ſhows ye his Rammer;
Oh! but that's in the *Tower*,
A Name I abhor
E're to think of it more.

Moreover, old *Janus*
Looks two ways on *Venus*;

And old *Polypheme*
Glares with one Eye at him,
That flames like a Comet,
A Stream coming from it,
In compaſs much larger
Than Sawcer or Charger;
Which once at a Time,
For *Herodias*'s Crime,
Did ſerve for a Man
Who was of my Name:
Whilſt ſhe with her Charms,
Ties *Briarius* his Arms,
And with Magick ſurprize
Dazzles *Argus* his Eyes.

There the warm Prieſts of *Cybele*
Keep a high Jubilee;
Timbrels, and Cymbals,
Excite them to Gambols.
When *Bacchus* carouſing,
Looks ſo very blowzing,
With goggl'd Eyes, ſwelling,
Each Rummer is filling;
And ſtriding a Barrel,
High fluſter'd to quarrel,
He might ſerve right for *Bob*,
In Heading the Mob,

And our Friends ply moſt ſtubborn
In *Smithfield* and *Holborn*;
Were he not a falſe Brother,
As his Dad, ſuch another;
But his dear Siſter *Meg*,
Was as right as my Leg.

Then I ſaw the Idea
Of Gipſy *Medea*,
How ſhe by a Steep
Laid the Dragon aſleep,
By uſing venefick
Drugs, dead ſoporifick,
Whilſt *Jaſon* did pack
The Gold-Fleece on his Back,
And took off the Ram
By a palpable Sham;
When *Æta* defeated,
Notoriouſly cheated,
'Twas too late to recal
The Thing when 'twas ſtole.

After viewing this Scene,
I fell in a Dream,
When fancying to ſmell
The Sulphur of Hell;
Old *Morpheus* he brought
Very ſoon to my Thought,

Ruddy

And

Ruddy Furies all Hair-brain'd,
With Serpents and Fire-brand,
And driving Folks mad,
With the Stings which they had,
That a Crowd of Offenders,
In all Kinds and Genders,
Were going before 'em,
To *Pluto*'s dark *Forum*,
Whilſt *Cerberus* makes
A Ruſtle with Snakes,
And guards them along
Thro' the numerous Throng:
Paſſing up to a Room,
All dark with a Gloom,
But that for diſcerning,
They Torches had burning;
I obſerv'd many Sparks,
Who ſeem'd to me Clerks,
As bred up to Writing,
And ready Inditing;
All dictating Men,
So quick with the Pen,
And ſhewing much Skill
In handling the Quill;
They had Books before 'em,
And were of the Quorum;
Which I gueſt by their Wigs,
So monſtrous and big,

Some

Some grave Men, ſome Dappers,
Were conning of Papers,
And making Remarks
Upon Things in the Dark;
Then ſetting them down
In the Courſe they went on;
And I fancy'd to ſpy all
This Scheme thro' a Key-hole.

When, there round a Table
They made a ſtrange Gabble,
Peruſing the Vouchers,
Their Clinchers and Touchers,
Much bandying and prating
They had, and debating,
How to rank the Offenders,
Strip'd of double *Entendeurs*;
Some, I found, were Impeaching,
For Prerogative ſtretching,
And putting in Jeopardy,
Liberty, Property;
Others for ſelling,
By underhand Dealing,
The Lords and the Gentry,
And all with their Country,
Uſing ſly Knavery
For bringing in Slavery;

When ſome were beguiling,
By Signing and Sealing,
And moving ſuch Things,
By intricate Springs,
Which cou'd never ſtand right
The Teſt of true Light.

When, Oh! to torment us,
Appear'd *Rhadamanthus*,
With *Æacus* and *Minos*,
(From whom none can ſkreen us;)
Before them ſome Varlets
In Ermin and Scarlet,
Were brought, who look't downiſh,
One monſtrouſly Clowniſh,
A Phiz ſo trapanning,
All Cloudy and Hanging,
Sirnam'd dark *Atrochyle*,
A creeping Crocodile;
Slippery, fallacious,
And ever voracious,
To no Side adhering,
With Intereſt ſtill varying,
As nothing elſe weighing,
But the Nation betraying;
He brought our dear Miſtreſs
to horrible Diſtreſs;

Inceſ-

Inceſſantly turning,
With doubles transforming,
Applying his Crimes
Subſervient to Times;
When looking about us,
Like *Janus*, or *Proteus*:
At laſt, after lurking,
I find he'd be working
Himſelf into Favour
Again with *Han——r*,
If wriggling and fauning,
Hypocriſie, Cunning,
Can ſave him from Judgment,
And future Impeachment.

The Second did ſtare,
And ſquint like a Hare,
When cloſely purſu'd,
Thro' a Meuſe by a Wood,
In damnable hazard,
Betwixt Hawk and Buzzard;
Him ſome call *Codicil*,
Who (true) did ſhew his Zeal,
Zealous and Hearty,
Went thro' with our Party,
Puſhing on every Thing,
That cou'd be for our King,

His Intereſt and Glory,
Like honeſt true *Tory*;
As on every occaſion
I prov'd in my Station;
Shunning falſe Policy
To cover Fallacy,
Acting moſt open
Whatever might happen.

But the Third with an Air,
Look'd wonderful fair;
And ſhew'd in his Face
Some Remnants of Grace,
Only Bigottry, Pride,
Had led him aſide.

The fourth, a meer Scrub
To Canonical Robe,
Was advanc'd from mean *Levite*,
As Fortune would have it,
And rais'd to high Dignity
For his Malignity,
One of mix'd Mettle,
And hollow as Kettle.

The fifth caſting Eye on,
Once bold as a Lion,

In bant'ring of Miniſters,
Foreign way ſiniſter,
Now look'd dejected,
For having ſure acted
The Farce ſo Romantick,
With Courage Gigantick,
And Manner inſulting,
Diſdaining conſulting,
But even commanding,
What he had a Hand-in.

I cou'd name many more,
Upon the like ſcore,
Who fill'd the Black Liſt
In the Regiſter's Fiſt;
But *Charon* he brought
Them all to his Boat,
And ſudden did make a-run
Downwards the *Acheron*;
When he came next
And paſt thro' the *Stix*,
Then ſtood for *Cocytus*,
So rapid wou'd fright us,
Where the Torrent bore ſtreight,
To a narrow arch'd Gate,
Where I found the Fates Will is,
To hang out Portcullis,

And all was around
Enclos'd like a Pound;
And closer moreover,
As secur'd by a Cover.

This Scene made me start,
To be sure, from my Heart,
As I thought me secure,
And fast in some Tower;
'Till getting awake,
I was glad to Mistake:
However this Dread
So got in my Head,
That I hardly could rally
My Senses, for Folly
To cause Melancholly.

Then my Mind to support,
I rose, went to Court,
Where Access out of Hand
I'd to *Lewis le Grand*,
And, under the Rose,
Held a Conference close,
About Matters of Moment,
Dispatch'd from Duke *D'Aumont*:
The King most surprizing-
-Ly gracious and pleasing,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd me in manner,
To do me great Honour,
And promis'd me Favours,
Which Prudence now covers;
And I have at Heart,
To my Friend to impart,
Provided 'twere ſafe
In your behalf,
Leſt any thing happen
The Mail to break open.

Diſpatching Affairs,
More roundly than *St*——*rs*,
With all his Memoirs,
And whimſical Wiles,
For driving of Piles.
You may gueſs where I'm going,
And what to be doing,
And find, as you read me,
Where my Heart right will lead me.

In the mean time, I hope,
The Miſt will clear up,
That the Thunder you'll hear,
May ſoon purge the Air,
And then that the Coaſt
Will be clear at the laſt:

But I pray let me know,
How Matters do go,
Tho' bandy'd ſo cloſe
In the Par——nt Houſe;
There's Sir *W*——*m W*——*m*,
And others, you'll find 'em,
With *W*——*ck* and *C*——*r*,
Will tell you, at leiſure,
As they can ſmell out
What e're is on Foot,
By underhand ſhewing
What *Whigs* are a brewing;
Whereby you will find
What is in the Wind,
And Time will inform
How the Wheel's like to turn.

FINIS.